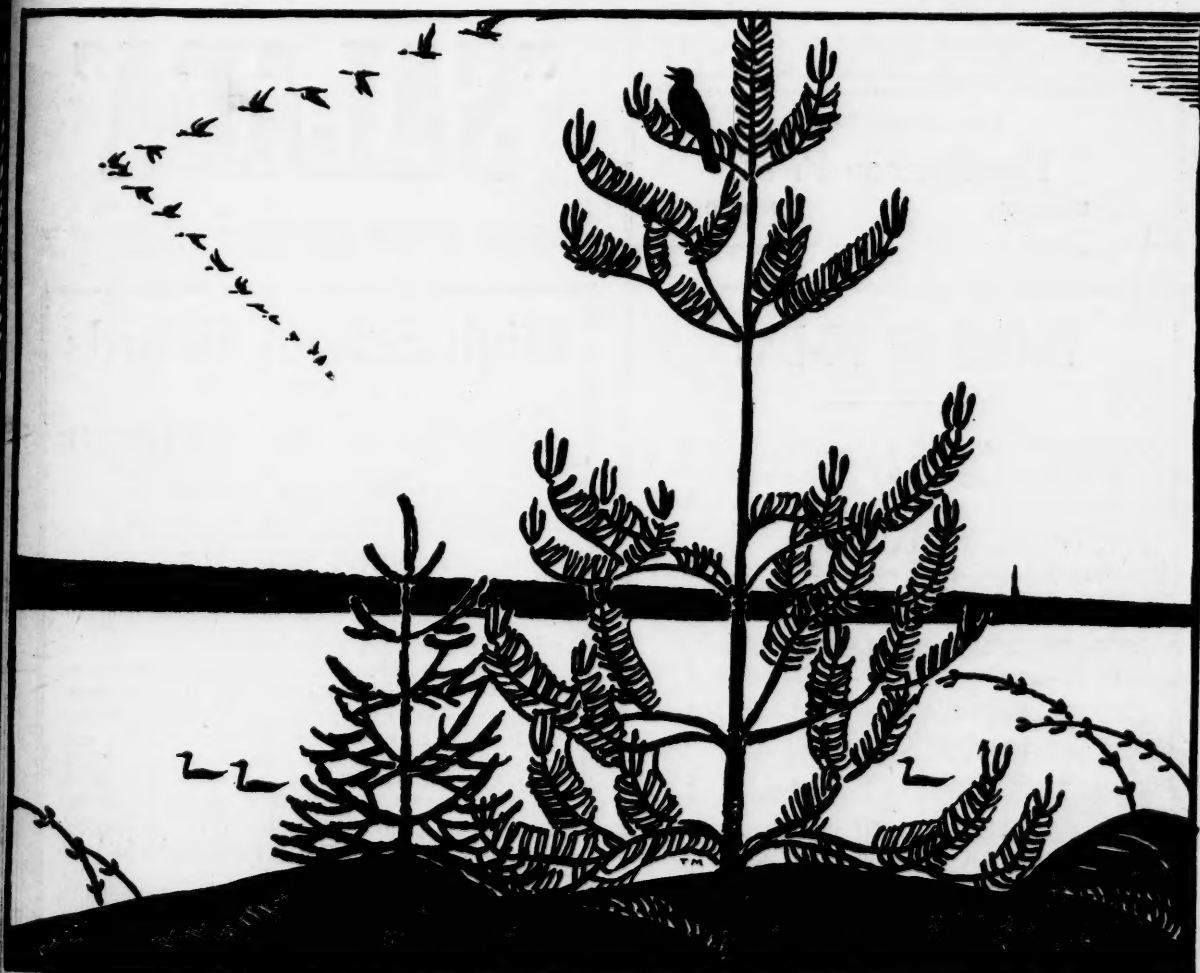


THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs

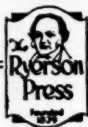


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TORONTO, APRIL, 1925

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'SECURITY'

THE European situation has cleared lately, but the dispersing clouds of rhetoric and rumour have revealed the great Powers in positions as sharply opposed as ever. France has told us flatly, through her 'Socialist Premier', that she means to have either security or the Rhine frontier; and even the socialists of the extreme left appear to acquiesce in their Government's original view that the failure of England and America to fulfil Messrs. Wilson and George's promise of a security pact absolves France from her treaty obligations in so far as evacuating the Rhineland is concerned. Mr. Chamberlain's position is not pleasant. He knows that if the British forces evacuate Cologne, French troops will march in; but the belated report of the Inter-Allied Mission of Military Control does not provide sufficient reason for the continuation of the British occupation indefinitely, and English opinion is alarmed by the ease with which France obtained his consent to the maintenance of her grip on the Saar Commission. We doubt whether an occupation of Cologne dictated by the Quai d'Orsay will be tolerated for long by the British public, yet if its Government does the honourable thing, sets a date for the evacuation, and fulfills its pledge before France has her security guaranteed, then the probable occupation of the city by French forces would inevit-

ably snap the strained Entente. Small wonder that Mr. Chamberlain has been so distractedly active in his efforts to preserve peace with honour.

UNDER these circumstances it is somewhat tragic that Mr. Chamberlain should have had to deal the *coup de grâce* to the Geneva Protocol, which might at least have settled the vexed questions of the Rhineland and French security, and opened the way to disarmament. It seems clear that the basic reason for the British attitude as voiced by their unfortunate spokesman is the Conservative Government's refusal to consider any curtailment of Britain's absolute control over the disposition of her fleet on all occasions. That is deplorable. Great Britain, in common with the other signatories of the Draft Protocol, would be taking a certain risk in accepting any limitation of her control over her armed forces. She, and the Dominions, in view of their peculiar circumstances, might be taking a greater risk than their sister nations; but the future of every country must necessarily hold certain risks and hazards, whether within or without the Protocol; and it would have been not only a fitting gesture, but a real contribution towards world security, had the most powerful nation in the League shown a willingness to subordinate her claims to the greater claim of the family of nations. The attitude of the Dominions, which so admirably suited the purpose of

the British Government, has been characterized by the same fearful determination to cling to the fictitious security promised by a free and dominant navy; but the Canadian Government had a further reason for rejecting the Protocol which is fairly obvious. It would not risk Canada being placed in a position where she might have to sever all relations with the United States in the event of that country incurring penalties under the Protocol. That is, no doubt, a serious consideration; but it is impossible to eliminate every danger from the future, and our Government does little honour to our democratic neighbour by its assumption that her imperialists are forever to control her foreign policy.

THE one fair objection to the Protocol, which is given point by Germany's insistence on her right to the arbitration of her eastern frontiers, appears to have had little part in its rejection by the Commonwealth. It is doubtful whether any general treaty can ensure peace to Europe if it is based on the insecure foundation provided by the Treaty of Versailles. It has come to be generally admitted, outside France at least, that that Treaty was not one of complete and impeccable justice; yet the Protocol, in spite of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's protests, would undoubtedly bind the losers in the great war to the Treaty's delimitations of their national frontiers. That is a weakness that will have to be remedied if the Protocol ideal is ever to be resuscitated with success. In the meantime the prospects of Germany's entrance to the League are brighter, and that event in itself would bring peace appreciably nearer. But there will be no real hope for the general security that must precede disarmament until France realizes that her only lasting security lies in a conciliated Germany, and the British Commonwealth accepts the necessity of a general compact even at the cost of some restriction of her complete freedom of action. It is idle to pretend that regional pacts or a 'five-power' pact can serve the needs of the New Europe. They would mark a definite turning backward to the old order of defensive alliances that has always resulted, and always will result, in war.

'BESCO'

CAPE BRETON coal has flamed into prominence twice during the last few weeks, and the sulphurous glow of its conflagration has cast some light into the sombre recesses of that benevolent institution, the British Empire Steel Corporation, commonly known as 'Besco'. The first occasion was the debate in the House of Commons

following the action of Mr. Woodsworth in moving the adjournment of the House for the purpose of discussing a definite matter of urgent public importance, namely, the acute distress existing among the coal-miners and steel-workers of Nova Scotia, many of whom are actually on the verge of starvation. The discussion which followed lasted some six hours and, though rambling in parts, was on the whole distinctly illuminating. Mr. Woodsworth's description of the intolerable conditions obtaining in the mines and steel works at Sidney and Glace Bay was accepted by the leaders of all the parties in the House as a plain and unbiased statement of fact. The Cabinet, while admitting without reserve the need for Governmental assistance in flushing these Augean stables, placed the onus of responsibility directly on the Provincial Legislature of Nova Scotia. As the workers claim that the Armstrong Government is subservient to the Besco interests, they are justifiably suspicious of accepting mediation under a system where, as a Besco official has complacently observed, 'the cards are all stacked against the men'. A fortnight later Besco was again featured in the news when the miners ceased work rather than accept a ten per cent. cut in wages which were already inadequate to provide a decent subsistence.

BOTH parties to the dispute are alike in desiring an investigation, but they are far apart as the poles in their formulae for the constitution of a commission and its scope of enquiry. The men insist upon a body that shall not be packed with special pleaders for the Corporation interests. They demand an open investigation with full publicity given to all the proceedings, and they also require that there shall be a fair and impartial enquiry into the administration and organization of the Corporation, touching such matters as the watering of stock, the alleged inefficiency of management, and the improper diversion of funds into insolvent subsidiary companies. The men are also mildly curious regarding monies disbursed in the purchase of legislative influence, and in the operation of the Corporation's espionage system. The company, on the other hand, will not tolerate any inquiry into its internal affairs, either in connection with management or finance. It insists that the proceedings shall be strictly secret, and that only the findings shall be made public. It is determined that, as in the past, any commission shall be so constituted that the majority of its personnel shall be favourable to Capital rather than Labour. The men have nothing to conceal, the Corporation much; and it comes to a straight issue between subterranean and open diplomacy. In support of the men's claim

that Besco has obtained a subtle influence over local legislators, it was enlightening to observe that during the debate in the House the three members for the Cape Breton constituencies were the only individuals to infer that the workers and their families were in no urgent need of public assistance. Hunger is the most powerful weapon in the armoury of Besco, and so long as charity stands between their wives and children and starvation, the men's spirit cannot be broken by the Corporation.

IF the Legislature of Nova Scotia were actuated by the democratic principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, a solution of the problem would be comparatively simple. If these provincial politicians were as interested in the well-being of some hundred thousand workers and dependants as they are in the few score protagonists of economic feudalism, there need be little hesitation on their part. There has rarely been a case where there have been such overwhelming arguments in favour of nationalization. The mines belong to the Province, and, in theory at least, the miners, as citizens of the Province, share in the collective ownership of the properties; and in addition they have occupational rights which entitle them to a special voice in the disposition of their own property. The men as a whole are in favour of government operation of the industry, and they claim that this solution would not only be beneficial to them as workers, but that it would be in the interest of the consumer as well. Government operation, even if it were all that its defamers say it is, could hardly be so incapable as the present management, and it seems to offer the only avenue of escape from illimitable internecine war. Meanwhile the miner is out of work and desperate, and, paraphrasing the words of the ancient beggar, he says to his erstwhile employer: 'Do your worst; even though I die and descend to Avernus the conditions of labour there will be no more onerous than those I have suffered in the past, and at least I shall be subject to efficient management'.

A MISSING LINK

MOST people are interested in the milestones, if not in the details, of anthropology. The discovery of 'the missing link' has been awaited with almost as much assurance as an eclipse of the sun—although in these days eclipses are no longer popular. At any rate it seems clear from his preliminary communication to *Nature* (February 7th) that Professor R. A. Dart, of the University of Witwatersrand, South Africa, has set up a milestone in anthropological research by his dis-

covery of a man-like ape more closely akin to man than any existing, or previously found, anthropoid. The fossil was discovered in a limestone quarry some eighty miles north of Kimberley, in the deserts of Bechuanaland. Professor Dart supposes that this man-ape of South Africa may have assumed the upright posture, and by its greater intelligence wandered far out of the jungle in which the gorilla and chimpanzee now live, although it is possible that the climate of the region has changed. The exact relation of this fossil to the human phylum will not be established until we have the geological data, at least an early Miocene date being necessary to approach the human line of descent. Darwin's forecast that Africa would prove to be the cradle of mankind has even now been vindicated by the many new discoveries recently made there. There is strong evidence that in the southern regions the climate has varied little since Cretaceous times, and this factor, with that of the widespread dolomitic beds, particularly favourable for the preservation of fossils, gives much promise for the future of anthropology in this region.

MEDICAL RESEARCH AND CANCER

WE welcome the news that a movement is now afoot for the collection of funds for the extension of medical research in Ontario. Although medical research can never be an economic investment, it may be of more than humanitarian value, for a great advance in medical science raises the prestige of the community in which the forward step has been taken. Of course, a fat exchequer for the furtherance of research is no guarantee that startling discoveries will be made. A million dollars did not buy the discovery of insulin, and it is not likely to buy another discovery of like importance; but it increases the chances of further advance in connection with certain problems crying for attention. It is nothing short of a disgrace, for example, that no attempt is being made here to cope with cancer. We might assume that the pathologist with his microscope has failed; but the chemist and physicist have not seriously tried to solve the puzzle, the serologist is still on trial, and there is yet a ray of hope for the efforts of the bacteriologist. No one can say that a cure for cancer is beyond man's power. But meanwhile the physician is helpless when faced with the disease, and the public, whose faith is now well nigh absolute in the efficacy of medical science, is waiting anxiously for some cure. The word 'cancer', indeed, is of necessity associated with any request for public subscriptions towards a medical research fund.

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURAL

FEW Presidential inaugural addresses have risen to heights of real distinction, and that of President Coolidge was not one of them. It was merely a plain exposition of the conservative policies he had already made clear, with economy as the key-note. Contrary to all precedent, the Vice-President contributed the only spectacular features of the day's proceedings. Instead of murmuring a few inconsequential platitudes to the Senate, he berated it for inefficiency, demanded changes in its rules of procedure, and promptly ensured one, at least, by swearing in the new members *en bloc* instead of one at a time. It is possible that General Dawes was merely maintaining his reputation for originality in anything connected with swearing; but it is more probable that his innate assertiveness is already rebelling against the traditional obscurity of his position. In that event the harassed President will have an added irritation to contemplate in the four years of anxiety that lie before him.

JACKING UP THE TEACHER

TORONTO'S Board of Education has a regulation that all teachers must be in their classrooms by a quarter to nine—that is, fifteen minutes before teaching commences—so that the day's work may begin smoothly. But it appears that occasionally some teachers have been too late to punch the clock precisely at eight forty-five, and in consequence the education of young citizens has suffered gravely. The Board, therefore, with its well-known earnestness and sense of responsibility, has decided to penalize offending employees, and in future, teachers who are late on the job five times during the school year will lose half a day's pay. It was thought at first that such gross disregard of the Board's interests deserved the loss of a full day's pay, but in the end a more lenient attitude was adopted. With such an efficient Board, Toronto may confidently look forward to possessing a School Machine which will run as smoothly as a Ford factory and turn out its product with the same regularity and exactness of standardization.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

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ON PARLIAMENT HILL

BY A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

AMONG the political pundits of Ottawa, speculation about the possible date of a general election is an absorbing topic. Inquiry in Ministerial closets produces most contradictory information; one careful investigator reports that on the same day there flowed to his ears from different august lips a confident affirmation of June as the definite date for the ordeal, an equally confident assurance that September was the appointed time, and an unqualified denial that any such adventure was contemplated till another year had rolled by. In some quarters the sudden acceleration of the Budget, whose appearance is imminent, indicates a passionate desire for an early election; but other commentators attribute this move to an earnest and intelligible anxiety for an excuse to mitigate the shock on the public nerves which an accurate presentation of our financial plight would indubitably give. If the Budget is produced—as it bids fair to be—before the end of the current financial year, Mr. Robb will be able to plead incapacity to give a full and accurate statement of the nation's balance-sheet, and will present it in more or less speculative form, with a plea that charitable allowance should be made for any errors and miscalculations that may subsequently be revealed. There are, I hear, some ardent spirits, including the Premier himself, who believe that the Petersen contract can be made the basis of a successful appeal to the voters, but the experienced strategists of the Party regard this theory with chill disdain. Much will depend upon the reception of the Budget by the country, but I rule out of court the possibility of a June election for the simple reason that the Conservatives do not want it and are in a position to prevent it. My prediction, however, is that a good crop will be the parent of a general election in the early fall and a bad harvest will ensure its postponement in the hope that happier days may dawn in 1926.

* * *

There may, however, be scant profit in delay, for the tide of Ministerial fortunes which rose swiftly after the St. Antoine and West Hastings by-elections has now visibly begun to recede. A parliamentary session invariably gives our present rulers an opportunity to unveil their errors, crimes, and ineptitudes, and they have utilized it to the full. Their abandonment of their fiscal pledges has exasperated the Progressives; their nautical adventure has antagonized the denizens of St. James St., Montreal, who not long ago were carefully weighing the merits of Lord Atholstan's advice to accept Mr. King as a Canadian Mussolini; and outside rabid partisan circles, the conviction is steadily spreading that the Liberal Party, as at present constituted and led, has sunk to the level of a selfish political faction bent upon the preservation of its hold on the spoils of office rather than the furtherance of national interests, and that principles, or even ordinary commonsense, have little place in the deliberations of its chieftains. The Quebec protectionists have been strong enough to put a veto upon any further tariff reductions; the grand crusade against the Senate, which was inaugurated at the end of last session with such belligerent oratory, has petered out; and its obvious substitute, the Petersen contract, threatens to end in a humiliating fiasco. Mr. Dunning, the hope and battleaxe of Liberalism on the Prairies, has become involved in serious difficulties over the misfeasances of his Liquor Commissioner; and, at the other end of the country, the

Government's disavowal of responsibility for the horrors of the strike in Nova Scotia will cost it many a vote. For the moment, therefore, the Liberal stock is falling; but the optimists of the Party assert that it is still higher than any other.

* * *

The Conservatives profess to be heartened by abundant signs of a reviving enthusiasm for their cause in the country and much less dolorous about their prospects. For the time being, the Montreal 'Star' and 'Gazette' have ceased to ply their shafts at Mr. Meighen; but there is no evidence that they are willing to take him to their bosoms, and within the ranks of the parliamentary party a number of private vendettas rage continuously. However, there is widespread acclaim of the political prowess of Mr. Howard Ferguson in contriving, by the ingenious device of 4.4% beer, to assuage the fears of the large body of 'wet' Conservatives who infest Ontario that they are involved in membership of an 'uplift' party. This exploit came in the nick of time to avert serious permanent defections, and Mr. Meighen, by his vote in favour of Mr. Good's anti-betting resolution, incurred bitter criticism among a section of his followers on the ground that it would tend to destroy the splendid effect of Mr. Ferguson's labours and sacrifices of conscience.

* * *

The travails and manoeuvres of my Progressive friends are a most diverting study. The left wing, which contains most of the Party's parliamentary talent, still remains in a separate tabernacle, but only now, after the lapse of six weeks, are they beginning to renew the effective guerilla warfare on which they embarked with such success towards the end of last session. Mr. Crerar is now in constant attendance, playing Gladstone to Mr. Forke's Hartington, but his active interventions in debate have been rare. Mr. Forke adheres strictly to his chosen rôle of the judicious appraiser of political and economic currents, who must cause no offence and never commit himself deeply on any subject; he never doubts the honest intentions of the Governments, but their methods and tactics sometimes baffle and grieve his simple soul. Among the band which still gives him allegiance, many of the Ontarians have already succumbed in secret to the soft seductions of that distinguished traveller, Duncan Marshall, who has now come to rest as Liberal organizer in the domain of Mr. Ferguson. In many ridings he has achieved a working pact between the Liberals and Progressives which he hopes will yield rich fruit at the general election—if Mr. J. J. Morrison can be restrained from the use of his pruning-hook. There will be a sacrifice of some Progressive lambs who have tasted the joys of Ottawa since 1921 for the benefit of ambitious Liberals of unimpeachable lineage, but in return the fortunate survivors will be assured of a welcome reinforcement of Liberal votes on the definite understanding that their reelection must be speedily followed by an open avowal of unequivocal allegiance to Mr. King. The western followers of the Laird of Pipestone are less happy in their minds, for they are torn between a keen desire to share in the largesse of the Liberal campaign fund, which is growing rapidly from subterranean sources, and a sobering dread of the weapons which the price necessary for access to such largesse would place in the hands of the bevy of ambitious competitors who, in almost every western constituency, are aflame to contest the sitting member's right to further enjoyment of what is now a much-coveted prize.

THE PETERSEN CONTRACT

SIR WILLIAM PETERSEN'S ships, apparently, are not the sort that pass in a night, and the controversy on ocean freights which their advent precipitated is still raging at Ottawa. It is very unfortunate that a political flavour has been imparted to what ought to be a purely economic issue, and we propose now to examine only its economic aspects. Upon the report of Mr. W. T. R. Preston, who was a peculiarly unhappy choice as an investigating Commissioner, intelligent people will waste little time. It bears, in its fanfaronade about 'peers, barons and knights of the United Kingdom' and in other passages, all the stigmata of a political tract rather than the record of an impartial investigation into an economic problem; and many of its charges are obviously inaccurate and have been easily controverted by the shipping companies. Much of its data is unconvincing as evidence; and desultory schedules of freight rates, presented without complete information as to how and when they were operated, are valueless. In his speech of March 18th, the Prime Minister very wisely threw his emissary overboard and claimed that his policy was based, not on the Prestonian researches, but on other and more reliable evidence, particularly the findings of the committee which, under the chairmanship of Mr. A. R. Master, M.P., in 1923 made an exhaustive inquiry into the causes of the prevalent agricultural depression, and first turned the searchlight upon the operations of the body known as the North Atlantic Steamship Conference against which Mr. King has now declared war.

The desire of our exporters for low shipping rates does not require the elaborate volume of proof which Ministers have laboured to furnish, and the shipping companies would be abnormal freaks in a capitalist world if they did not bend every energy to secure as high rates as possible. The issue can be profitably divided into two questions—(a) Are the steamship rates now prevalent between British and Canadian ports excessive and ruinous to our trade? and (b) Is the remedy embodied in the contract between the Government and Sir William Petersen likely to be effective? There is evidence available that some British shipping companies have made very substantial profits since the war ended; but others claim to have made ends meet with difficulty, and the recent balance sheets of our own Mercantile Marine (which until a few weeks ago was, with the connivance of the Government, an active member of the North Atlantic Conference, and presumably participated in its benefits) offer no evidence of gigantic profits wrung from the hapless exporters.

But another authoritative source of comparison is available. The London *Economist* publishes at regular

intervals an Index Number of shipping freight rates, and its instalment of March 7th does not bear out the contention of Ministers that the increase in ocean freight rates has far exceeded the increase in railway rates and other charges incident to commerce, and that Canada has been penalized by a peculiarly severe increase. The *Economist* index lumps all North America under one classification, but it asserts that the Atlantic seaboard ports, between and including both Montreal and Baltimore, enjoy identical rates, any disparity against the St. Lawrence route being caused by the higher rates which insurance companies demand. Appended below are the Freight Index numbers up to the end of 1924 for North America, Australia, and the whole world:

	North America.	Australia.	General Average.
Average 1898-1913 ...	100.00	100.00	100.00
1913	113.09	127.89	116.34
Feb., 1920	529.89	712.16	690.95
Dec., 1920	277.17	347.18	280.14
1921	164.07	166.47	156.67
1922	135.15	159.34	135.57
1923	132.72	144.21	130.08
1924	129.18	161.13	129.38

These figures, which may be accepted as reasonably reliable, indicate that (1) the rise in ocean freight rates for the whole world has been less instead of greater than the general rise in prices and carrying charges on land, (2) the rise in freights between Britain and North America has been curiously parallel to the general rise, and has fallen short of it as often as it has exceeded it, and (3) Australia, whose state-owned fleet was in active competition with the local Steamship Conference, has been mulcted more heavily than North America. Shipping is a curious business, and there are huge temporary divergences in freight rates; when consignments are scarce and cargo space plentiful, boats which must sail on a scheduled time will offer almost any rates to fill their holds; but when goods are piling up on the docks and outgoing ships are few, exorbitant rates can be commanded. It is therefore easy for a special investigator bent on proving a case to pick out rates here and there which are extravagantly high, but only index numbers can tell the true story. The truth seems to be that, on the bulk of our export, rates are kept down to reasonable levels by the competition of tramp steamers which last year handled more than 62 per cent. of the grain exported from the St. Lawrence, but that the lines belonging to the Conference are able to exact heavy tolls from the shippers of package freights, and on this point there may be some room for remedial action.

The second and more important issue is the effectiveness of the remedy proposed by the King Government—an annual subsidy of about \$1,300,000 to Sir William Petersen, who in return for this generous treatment undertakes to provide a freight service with ten modern steamers and allow the Government to fix

the freight rates. By general admission, Sir William has made a very excellent bargain for himself, and there seems no reason why he should not earn very substantial profits and have his fleet completely paid for at the end of the ten-year contract. The objections to the contract given him by the Government can be summarized as follows:

(1) The attempt to fight a powerful combination of shipping interests is fraught with grave difficulty to Canada, heavily burdened with debt as she is and already groaning under a difficult land-transportation problem.

(2) The Petersen contract is a reversion to the mediæval policy of giving special trading privileges; the contract itself is grossly extravagant, too nebulous in many of its terms, and devoid of adequate penalties for failure on the part of Sir William Petersen.

(3) It is folly to subsidize vessels which will be in competition with the Government Mercantile Marine: if the Conference has to be fought, the state-owned fleet should be used as the weapon.

(4) The scheme has been devised from political rather than economic motives, and may intensify in the minds of foreign nations the idea that the British Empire is falling apart through internal cleavages of interest.

In the speeches of Mr. King and some of his colleagues there are now clear indications of a wavering faith in the efficacy of Sir William Petersen as an ally, and a search for reinforcements is being vigorously pursued. Apparently, the Government at one time cherished the idea that it could induce the Pacific Railway to disassociate itself from the Conference and, in return for the same terms as have been accorded Sir William, make a definite line of battle between Canada and the greedy British shipowners. Mr. King confessed that not long ago he had made such an offer to Mr. E. W. Beatty, though without success; and with a lighthearted generosity which is in ill conformity with the state of the national purse he declared in Parliament on March 18th that 'Any Canadian company which will give similar services and rates will be given similar treatment'. If this invitation to the steamship companies to dip their hands in the public treasury were generally accepted, it might involve the Canadian taxpayer in an additional annual expenditure of many millions of dollars, and in the light of this amazing offer the evolution of the Petersen contract becomes more intelligible. The controversy which it has provoked at Ottawa bids fair to be prolonged, but in view of the attitude of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, and the general tone of the speeches of Progressive members, it is difficult to see how the House of Commons can be induced to yield a majority which would justify further progress with a risky and expensive experiment. If, therefore, the Government is not completely bereft of elementary wisdom, it will arrange for the scheme's peaceful demise at the hands of the special committee to whose care it is to be entrusted.

FORUM *VERSUS* PLATFORM

A CORRESPONDENT in our last issue asked us to formulate a platform for progressives, and in a footnote to his letter we announced that it would be the subject of a leading article in this number. It was our intention to give our readers a platform representing the views of our committee, and one which they could all endorse, but that has been found impossible to achieve. We can imagine this statement being received with smiles not altogether free from cynicism by those who are sceptical of the co-operative capacity of the unorthodox. At first glance it would appear that if a group of eighteen moderately intelligent and tolerant people—all of them dissatisfied with the two historical parties—cannot agree on a political platform, the chances of forging a new party from the elements they represent are poor. But if the circumstances are understood, no cause will be found for despair. In the first place it must be realized that political affinities had no part in the origin of this particular group, and secondly, it is necessary to understand the composition of the Committee and their basis of co-operation. THE CANADIAN FORUM originated in a desire to secure more free and informed discussion of public questions. Its founders felt that such a medium was badly needed in this country, and in that belief lay the sole *raison d'être* of the journal. To the Committee that directs the paper to-day, and which includes some of the original founders, that need appears as vital as ever, and if THE FORUM does no more than meet it, we feel that it will justify its continued existence.

The members of the Committee have been sufficiently keen on the forum idea to have kept the paper alive for over four years. They have given their spare time to its management and editing; have written for it in defiance of Dr. Johnson's dictum that no one but a blockhead would ever write for anything but money; and have frequently contributed out of their own pockets to meet the perennial deficit that is the corollary of an honest journal of opinion. It is obvious that a group who can co-operate to that extent must have some common beliefs and ideals, and we had thought that we would have enough in common to produce a platform for like-minded people in the field of politics. That has been found impossible to effect without including some planks that a minority could not honestly endorse; and we will not build a platform that we cannot all stand on.

But while this obstacle arises from the very nature of THE FORUM's character, the fact remains that we have enough in common to work harmoniously for a common objective, and that is in itself encouraging to those who would form a new political party from the same kind of human material. The majority of us

hold in common a belief in the mutability of human nature, which is the fundamental characteristic that distinguishes the progressive from the conservative. We know that the one great fault in human progress, which is responsible for most of our present discontents, is the failure of moral development to keep pace with scientific advance. We believe that that fault may be gradually rectified by the education of public opinion to demand the substitution of reason for force in the conduct of international affairs, and of human rights for property rights as the standard of moral values. We believe that the prime requisites of that new education are the liberation of educational institutions from political or sectarian influences, and the development of a press that will not be bound to political or industrial interests. We believe that these progressive ideas are common to the forces of progress that are working in other countries, and that goodwill on our part will meet with quick reciprocity from other nationals. And our common belief that all nations have equal rights springs from a real and deep-rooted conviction of the essential unity of mankind. It is such beliefs as these, which are common to all true progressives, that would result inevitably in the inclusion in a progressive platform of planks endorsing free trade and the active support of every measure designed to strengthen the League of Nations and prevent its debasement into a second Holy Alliance.

And we have in common a sentiment for our country that is something more than patriotism. We are united in wanting Canada to be more than a self-governing nation, and something greater than the granary of the world. We believe that, if her productiveness and our labour are co-ordinated by goodwill and able administration, she may very nearly approach the perfect State. We want Canadians to have a higher standard of living in more senses than the usual one, and our leaders to have a higher standard of honour than has obtained in the past. We want every young Canadian to have the equal opportunity in life and for life that would be given by a healthy environment and sound social as well as technical education. We may differ as to the methods to be used to attain such far-reaching social reforms; but although we may not agree on individual planks for a party platform, we would unite in supporting any party that would introduce a fresher and more honest spirit into the discussion of our national problems.

If the prime objective of the Editorial Committee was the formation of a progressive platform rather than the continued existence of a journal for the free discussion of that and a hundred other topics, we could construct a platform which all but a small minority could endorse. In the formation of party plat-

forms, minorities must invariably be disregarded in the end. But they are lost to the party. We do not want to lose any of our Committee. When it is considered that in their political convictions they have ranged from Collectivists to Manchester Liberals of the old school, it will be understood that unanimity on all planks is beyond the realm of possibility; while in the ethical field we find that on the one question of pacificism we range from the Simon Pure passive

resister to pacifists who would scatter bombs to keep the peace.

Since we cannot give our readers a comprehensive platform of our own, we propose to publish two or three formulated by individuals of varying degrees of radicalism. The first of these we present in this number with our benediction as upholders of free speech, though without our unanimous approval as socialist, radical, progressive, or liberal individuals.

A PLATFORM FOR PROGRESSIVES

BY J. FRANCIS WHITE

POLITICAL organizations are subject to the same mutations that operate in every living body, germination, growth, fruition, and decay, the relentless cycle from which no form of life is exempt. The career may be brief, a few hours of fluttering for the May-fly, or, like the English oak, the individual may flourish for centuries; but Time, the universal scavenger will sweep away each unit eventually, to make room for some more youthful and vigorous successor. The two main political parties in Canada might be compared to great trees which have passed their prime. Their formative growth is finished, and, in spite of a gay showing of foliage, they are gradually rotting at the core. Many eager, constructive-minded people are out of tune with the unimaginative, indolent, and timid attitude of many of our present politicians, and feel the need for a more scientific and progressive party to which they could give their allegiance.

Much of our current political theory is entirely out of harmony with its environment. The well nourished bodies of our statesmen are conveyed from place to place in speedy motors or aeroplanes, but their brains still travel in stage-coaches. The British North America Act and Sir John A. Macdonald's National Policy may have been admirable instruments in their day, but the day of Dundreary whiskers and crinolines is gone, and early Victorian liberalism is hardly more adequate for our present needs than a flint-lock musket would be in an air-raid. In sketching out my plan for a foundation upon which the superstructure of a progressive platform may be raised I shall not attempt to define any comprehensive doctrine in detail, but will indicate what I believe to be the broad constructive lines that such a movement should follow, not pretending to specify a faultless and infallible system, but rather setting out a series of proposals to serve as a basis for discussion. Temperamentally, a progressive should be one who sees life as a great adventure, with the highest development of all the faculties of each individual as the chief aim of man-

kind, personal values being immeasurably more important than material wealth. Most progressives will agree that the competitive idea, under which the individual expends the greater part of his energy in accumulating personal property at the expense of his less efficient fellow competitor, is an essentially vicious one, and will flatly deny the cynical teaching that good work will only be produced under the spur of competition. In the following paragraphs I will consider briefly some of the important political issues of to-day.

(1) Collective Ownership of Basic Industries:

If civilization is to survive, we must put an end to National wars; if civilization is to flourish, we must go farther and abolish industrial war. The competitive system means great wealth and power for the few, and dull uninspired drudgery for the many. In the industrial world it may increase the efficiency of some five per cent. of the producers—the managing class—but it deprives the other ninety-five of practically all initiative and character. I see no alternative to endless destructive conflict between capital and labour except the gradual socialization of industry. Primarily I believe in the collective ownership and operation of such basic industries as mines, railways, and forests. We are in an exceptionally favourable position compared to most countries, inasmuch as the greater part of our mineral and forest wealth is still in the hands of our Federal and Provincial Governments. There is little question that the present generation in Great Britain will see the accomplishment of a large measure of nationalization of public utilities, in spite of the perplexities in connection with the financing of such projects, and the strong opposition of vested interests. If we take action before all our mineral and forest wealth has been transferred to private ownership we will reduce the difficulties of such an undertaking by half. A decade or more ago, the idea of nationalization would have sounded revolutionary, but fortunately we have had in Canada a few courageous men, nominal Conservatives for the most part, who have been sufficiently far-sighted to realize

the advantages of collective ownership of utilities, so that now, in Ontario at least, the term Government Ownership has acquired quite an orthodox and respectable ring. In addition to basic industries I would favour the nationalization of our banking system.

(2) Education for Social Service:

A most popular and effective argument in opposition to the theory of socialization is that government officials are invariably corrupt or inefficient, and are clearly incapable of the efficient organization or management of any industry. The inadequacies of government departments have been greatly exaggerated for partizan reasons, but there is justifiable cause for criticism of much of their procedure. Most of us have suffered at times from bureaucratic red tape and the stupidities of minor government employees. The remedy for this condition lies in the revision of our educational standards. If our future business is to be conducted in a co-operative spirit, our young idea must be trained to shoot with that end in view. If we take the plastic material of youth and train it in the ideal of social duty, we can produce a public service equal to the heavy tasks that the future has in store for it. The average British naval officer is an excellent illustration of the fine material that may be turned out by consistent idealistic education. When we train our youngster to regard his public service department with the same keen enthusiasm that a naval cadet feels for his first ship, our problem of collective management is practically solved. The pity is, that we put so much energy into training our youth for war, and so little into preparing them for peace.

(3) Prevention of Unemployment:

I believe that the state should accept responsibility for providing employment for all its citizens, with remuneration on a scale that would ensure a reasonable standard of living. There are times when it is very difficult for the worker to find a suitable job by his own efforts, and the seasonal unemployment of nearly one-sixth of our potential producers constitutes the greatest waste of which the community is guilty. Unemployment produces 'unemployables', and a system under which every individual was guaranteed work would result in time in the virtual extinction of this undesirable class. A progressive should stand for the co-operation of federal, provincial, and municipal authorities in working out a reasoned plan for the prevention of unemployment. The full-time employment of all our available workers would not only mean a great increase of wealth, but very large economies would be effected in the reduction of such institutions as police courts, prisons, and homes for the indigent. Apart from the cold-blooded economic benefits to be derived from this reform, the improvement in tone of the entire community would be immeasurable.

(4) Fair Distribution of Wealth:

Many worthy people believe that all 'radicalism' aims at the piratical plunder of the coffers of the rich, and the distribution of the spoils among the rough-necked portion of the proletariat. In fine, a ruthless steam-rolling of all the inequalities of wealth. Our ambition should be rather to raise constantly the standards of the lower levels. I am not in favour of a dictatorship of the proletariat, but on the contrary will not be satisfied until we have achieved the complete annihilation of the proletarian class by education and the elevation of our social standards. I believe that re-adjustments are possible in our methods of credit, production, and distribution which would result in such an increase of wealth as would permit raising the minimum standard of living to a very high level, without an assault on any present accumulation of riches. Eventually, I hope that mankind will reach a plane of co-operation and fraternity where the disproportionate possession of individual property will not be considered good taste.

(5) A Strong League of Nations:

There is a regrettable apathy in this country, both among men of affairs and the general public, regarding the League, yet our foreign policy, our relation to the British Commonwealth, and our responsibilities for Commonwealth defence are directly dependant upon the development of the League of Nations. A number of prominent supporters of the League have been soothing the chauvinists of their respective countries by assuring them that the League is not designed to be a super-state. I believe, on the contrary, that no great progress in national disarmament will be made until it is very definitely a super-state. Until there has been a noticeable advance made in our ethical standards, law and right must rest upon a basis of force. The establishment of an effective police force preceded the disarming of individuals, and the nations will not discard their weapons of defence so long as any country exhibits signs of atavistic tendencies, unless peace is guaranteed by some international force. As this ideal is unlikely to be realized in the immediate future, I favour, for the present, such national agreements and treaties as will permit the greatest degree of immediate disarmament.

(6) Relation of Canada to the British Commonwealth:

(A) In the main the present position of the Dominion is satisfactory, although it seems advisable that Canada obtain the power to alter her constitution without having to refer amendments to the British House. The right of appeal to the Privy Council might well be abolished on the ground that, if we are unable to create a Supreme Court that is as learned and judicial as the Privy Council, we deserve to receive the judg-

ment that will be handed down by own own courts.

(B) A commission should be appointed containing representatives from each Dominion and Crown Colony, to investigate the trade and resources of the Commonwealth, with power to enquire into transportation rates and shipping facilities.

(7) Free Trade within the Commonwealth:

Though opposed to the principle of a protective tariff, I realize that a tariff for revenue purposes is necessary for the present. The construction of tariff schedules is a very intricate affair, and I would advocate the creation of a permanent advisory commission, as free from political bias as possible, to study the various aspects of the problem. I am in favour of free trade within the Commonwealth, subject to revenue requirements. Following this, I would like reciprocal agreements with other countries for greater freedom of trade, particularly those nations whose standards of living and conditions of industry approximate to our own.

(8) Agriculture and Co-operation:

No great improvement is possible in our urban centres unless there is a corresponding development in the economics of the rural districts. With agriculture in its present depressed state, if we were to re-organize industry and increase production to the point where every applicant would be assured of a job at a decent living wage, the immediate result would be a

tremendous influx of farmers to the cities, and half our farm land would be abandoned. I believe that none of the main branches of industry will be able to escape the swing towards centralization, and that agriculture—the last to operate on purely individual lines—will be obliged to re-organize for co-operation in production as well as distribution. The state, in its own interest, should give every assistance to the farmer in aiding the formation of co-operative agencies for the distribution of agricultural products.

And lastly:

This article is admittedly an essay in idealism, and as such will be greeted by the materialistic with the same chorus of 'unpracticable', 'opposed to human nature', that has echoed each progressive proposal since the dawn of history. The fundamental divergence of opinion between the reactionary and the progressive lies in their different estimate of the motives that actuate mankind. The first believe that man is essentially selfish, and will inevitably remain so; the latter, that the average individual will respond as readily to idealism as to materialism. If men of all nations are willing to give up everything for a national ideal in time of war, there seems no logical reason why they should not be willing to make equal sacrifices in peace for a greater ideal. To educate and enthuse a people to such a pitch will require as great an effort as was made to rouse the public to patriotic enthusiasm in the great war. This is the job for a progressive party.

FAMILY ENDOWMENT

BY R. J. M. HARDY

THE question of family endowment has recently been receiving great publicity in the English press. It has come into prominence in relation to a national scale of remuneration for teachers, but it is capable of far wider extension and has behind it a growing body of public opinion. Its advocacy is not identified with any particular political creed. It is supported for a great variety of reasons. In fact, it has been well said that to some the principle appears as a foretaste of communism, to others as a measure of wage economy; to some as the next step of advanced feminism, to others as a brake upon the industrialization of home life. To many again it appears above all else as a sweeping measure for child welfare. It has received support particularly in France in the hope that the system might increase the birth rate in middle-class and professional families. It is worth noting that at a recent meeting in Toronto during the visit of the British Association, Sir William Beveridge and Professor McDougall of Har-

ard, while differing in other respects on the question of population, agreed in suggesting the adoption of family allowances in the brain-working occupations as a necessary safeguard against racial deterioration.

The movement in favour of Family Allowances has its basis in the unreality of fixing a 'living wage' which makes no distinction as to the number of individuals that wage has to support. Before the war the systems of wage payment generally in operation were largely the result of the application of the doctrines of individualism. The worker was paid for services rendered apart from any consideration of the needs of his family. This, however, was frequently modified in collective bargaining by the theory that a man's wage should be sufficient to maintain a home. An interesting report on the system of Family Allowances recently issued by the International Labour Office (*Family Allowances; the Remuneration of Labour According to Need*, 75c) describes how in recent years one of the considerations in the fixing of wage

rates came to be the estimated needs of a family of average size—a man and his wife and three dependent children. Indeed, in so far as consideration was given to this claim, the conception of a standard family seems to have been adopted by both employers and employed. But it has been recognized only recently how small a percentage of households actually conform to this standard,* or what hardships such a rough and ready method entails on larger families.

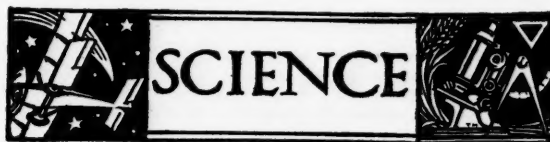
The movement for Family Allowances received a great impetus during the war. Separation allowances calculated on the actual size of the family proved an example and a precedent. In most European countries account was taken of the size of the family which the industrial worker had to maintain when the cost-of-living bonuses were awarded. Thus the principle of considering the need of the individual worker was adopted. National or municipal support was given to a greater or lesser extent by the Australian Commonwealth, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Finland, and Switzerland. It has been suggested, however, by T. H. Richardson in the *Economic Journal* of September, 1924, that one of the chief reasons for the adoption of the family allowance system during the war appears to have been that there was a general reduction in real wages, and the change in the method of distribution served to diminish the hardships especially of those with large families.

This provides the key to post-war developments; for while in Scandinavia, Switzerland, and Italy, private employers have reverted to a system of payment purely for services, in those countries such as Germany where there has been a low level of real wages due to the fall of the currency, family allowances have been encouraged in order to equalize the loss and lessen the distress. In France, on the other hand, a special factor has come into play—the endeavour to reduce infantile mortality and to increase the birth rate. So far this hope has neither been proved nor disproved.

The methods of paying allowances naturally vary widely according to the needs and character of industry in the various states. In France and Belgium, for instance, the system has developed largely on the initiative of the employers; in Germany by collective agreements between employers and employed; in Austria it has taken the form of state insurance. The one essential to success seems to be that allowances should be paid out of some central pool to insure that there should be no discrimination against the worker with a large family—the very man whom it is intended to help.

* It has been estimated on Professor Bowley's figures (*Livelihood and Poverty*) that 'standard families' form only 8.8 per cent. of the total.

To many social problems, Family Endowment offers a solution which cannot lightly be dismissed. If it is argued that industry cannot bear the payment of a higher wage to the workers, the question still remains how to distribute the amount available in order to secure the best social results. A system of Family Allowances, paid from some central pool, would give a better chance to the children, would equalize the burdens between the married and the unmarried, and would finally raise the whole status of women by making equal pay for equal work come within the scope of practical politics.



SAMUEL BUTLER—BIOLOGIST

WE have here a little book (*Samuel Butler*, by C. E. M. Joad; The Roadmaker Series; pp. 195; 4/6) that deserves more attention than its size or price might seem to warrant. Mr. Joad has evidently studied Butler, for he has gathered together in a masterly way the various threads of thought of a most versatile writer and shown that they all belong to the same strand. In small space, he has given us the essentials of Butler's thought in a clearer manner perhaps than any previous writer has done. There is only one danger about Mr. Joad's book: it makes Butler so simple—more simple than Butler really is—that after perusal his readers may not think it worth while going back to Butler. Mr. Joad lays most emphasis on Butler's biological thought in relation to that of Butler's contemporaries and to that of more recent biological researchers. Had Mr. Joad gone further in this direction he would have found more evidence in favour of Butler's views, but we are well satisfied by his efforts, which are marred only by a very few gaucheries.

As a humourist, satirist, and iconoclast Butler has recently become very popular. With the mischievousness of a street urchin, he pulled the tail of conventionality and gloried in its resultant antics. He turned Victorian morality inside out and suggested that it should be worn this way. The idols of conventional belief he systematically turned upside down and shocked the orthodox of his age with his irreverence. His system of topsyturvydom was so ingenious that Butler might be ranged with the masters on the artistry of this alone.

He had many clever, if bitter, things to say against professionalism of all kinds. This feature of his work arose from his clash with the scientists, and especially with Charles Darwin. How far Butler is

justified in his attack on Darwin is a question which perhaps can never be decisively answered. Darwin did undoubtedly treat Butler in a somewhat high-handed fashion, a course which Darwin apparently adopted on the advice of his friends. But had his friends, or the cautious Darwin, better gauged the power of argument of their opponent, it is certain that Butler would have been more courteously considered.

As Mr. Joad aptly points out, 'the mischievous destructiveness for which Butler is so famous to-day was in fact a comparatively late and entirely incidental development of his genius, and it has developed as the crab develops its shell, for purposes of defence rather than of offence'. Butler's literary genius was an overflow from his scientific interests, for he was a scientist in the strictest sense of the word, but being only an interpreter of facts, and not an experimenter, he is generally refused the title on professional grounds. Indeed a close study of Butler is the best training a scientist could get. The masterly way in which he can sift evidence and form judgments without loss of a sane perspective must stand as an almost unattainable ideal to any searcher after truth. By many scientists Butler may be regarded as merely an interesting speculator. But what more can any biologist do on the biggest questions at issue in his realm? Darwin, his predecessors, and successors are as speculative as Butler on the question of the causes of evolution. The fact that Darwin had many experimental discoveries to his credit is no guarantee that his hypothesis is nearer the truth than that of anyone else who has taken the facts into consideration. Too much experimentation, indeed, is apt to distort the vision. Reason can often do better than experiment.

But what of Butler's speculations to-day?

To answer this question, the points at issue must be made clear. That there has been, and that there is presumably still going on, an evolution or modification of the forms of life, is an accepted fact. How has it come about? Darwin tells us by 'natural selection', 'the struggle for existence', 'the survival of the fittest'. Bernard Shaw thinks this a most 'unnatural selection', and prefers 'circumstantial selection' to describe the Darwinian process, which was a series of accidents. The theory prevalent before Darwin to explain variations in organs is that of Lamarck, who attributed the changes to the effects of use and disuse. Thus the (inevitable) giraffe grew his long neck as a result of his effort to reach higher and higher foliage. Through continuous use in the upward direction, the neck elongated gradually with succeeding generations of giraffes, the small elongation acquired in one generation being inherited by the succeeding. According to the theory of Circumstantial Selection only those giraffes with necks a few inches longer than the others of their generation survived, as they had a food supply

beyond the reach of their less fortunate neighbours. This process often enough repeated would account for the length of the neck of the present-day giraffe.

Darwin did reluctantly admit that the Lamarckian explanation might apply to a small proportion of variations, but the Neo-Darwinians, notably Wallace and Weismann, gave it no place whatsoever in their scheme.

The De Vriesian doctrine of mutation, that species arise, not gradually, but by sudden inexplicable jumps—a view which became widely accepted after the discovery of Mendel's work in 1900—held the field until Törner quite recently brought strong evidence to show that mutations are accounted for by the inheritance of 'a certain grade of germ weakness', from which evidence some biologists think that mutations can have played no part in evolution. Butler saw the possibility of events following the De Vriesian course, but whether they do or not does not materially affect Butler's theory.

What was this? It rested fundamentally on Butler's objection to 'the pitchforking of mind out of the universe' implied in the Darwinian view. Lamarck and Erasmus Darwin had left room for mind although they did not emphasize the part it played, and this led Butler to champion Erasmus Darwin against his grandson, Charles Darwin. Butler was greatly encouraged in his views on finding an eminent German physiologist, Hering, writing of 'Memory as a Universal Function of Organized Matter'. Butler had come to the conclusion that habit is nothing but unconscious memory. All perfect knowledge is unconsciousness. For the best test of knowing how to do a thing is to be able to do it. And the more repeatedly we do a thing, the more we come to do it, not mechanically, but unconscious of how we do it. Thus, the musician, did he try to follow the rationale of his technique, did he bring his knowledge of how he played to the surface of consciousness, would be unable to play. And so with all perfect knowledge. If the child can digest milk, make flesh, grow teeth and hair, and so on, it knows how to do these things for the simple reason that it does them. It is unconscious knowledge, but no less knowledge. And this unconscious knowledge arises from unconscious memory—a memory which has been acquired from the experiences of the race. The child develops from the fertilized ovum, through the stages of its primitive ancestors, because it has inherited the memory of how thus to develop from the experience of those ancestors. This succession of events is expressed in Haeckel's *Fundamental Law of Biogenics*—'Ontogenesis, or the development of the individual, is a short and quick repetition of phylogenesis, or the development of the tribe to which it belongs . . . '.

Butler thus believed that life was a something with

a constant striving purpose. Dr. Joad thinks that Shaw's ideas in *Back to Methuselah* are the logical outcome of Butler's philosophy. They may be, but Butler was a more cautious and less evangelistic philosopher than Shaw. For Butler did not presume to guess the future direction of this purpose in mankind. He says of design that 'it is like a comet with a little light in front of the nucleus and a good deal more behind it'. Mr. Shaw has put a conspicuous tail in front!

It is interesting to look at some of the latest views on evolution arrived at by experimental biologists. The most notable of these is the return of the Lamarckian explanation to favour—one might almost say to triumph. In an article on 'The Theory of Evolution since Darwin' appearing in the issues of *Nature* for January 10th and 17th of this year, Professor E. W. MacBride, F.R.S., states that the inheritance of the effects of use and disuse is now very widely accepted by North American palaeontologists, that the Weismannian distinction between germ cells and body cells has been disproved, and that Kammerer's work on toads in favour of Lamarckism must now be accepted by unprejudiced judges. Professor MacBride does not mention the interesting results of Pavlov, who has found that mice inherit an association between the sound of a bell and food. Thus, in the first generation of mice, Pavlov found that he had to try three hundred times before the sound of a bell and food were associated in the minds of the mice. In the fifth generation, an association was established after only five repetitions. Professor MacBride continues:

We are therefore in a position to state that after the lapse of the first quarter of the 20th century the doctrine of Lamarck has been submitted to the crucial test of experiment and proved to be true. . . . Systematists, palaeontologists and embryologists alike have been forced to the conclusion that the effects of habits must be inherited in order to account for the facts which they find in nature.

Professor MacBride quotes from Professor McDougall:

An animal when its activity is roused by a stimulus pursues an end, and its activity continues till that end is attained or until it is exhausted. If it fails to attain that end in one way it will endeavour to gain it another until it achieves success. . . . In this sentence, we venture to think, is contained the key to the riddle of evolution.

But why quote McDougall? Is Butler forever to be overlooked by scientific men because he was also a literary man? Butler wrote *Life and Habit*, he tells us, 'to show that our mental and bodily acquisitions were mainly stores of memory', and he wrote *Evolution Old and New* 'to add that the memory must be a mindful and designing memory'. He has said what is quoted from McDougall, scores of times, and said it so much better. He was shamefully treated during his lifetime, and, now that we see that he was probably the greatest mind that has touched the evolution problem, scientists still continue to disregard him. And we further venture to think that Professor MacBride, who seems kind to psychologists, has at least to add unconscious memory—the main contribution of modern psychology to thought—before his key to the riddle of evolution is complete.

PESTLE.

CONRAD'S VIEW OF LIFE

BY BERTRAM R. BROOKER

POSTERITY probably will not rank Conrad with the great poets of the world, or even with the greatest poetical minds which have found expression in the English tongue. He was too consciously a poet—as were Flaubert and Turgenev—to rank with that shining few whose utterances possess the same power to move us as the phenomena of nature.

He could not create a being like Hamlet who seems to stand for all time, both as a personality and as a principle—a continuous and universal bias, as it were, in the texture of human thought. But he could create a personality like Heyst, who is none other than Hamlet halted and turned into twentieth-century stone.

In short, Conrad's art is not universal. His creatures bear the imprint of their epoch. They are cast in that hard, steely mould into which the whole Occidental consciousness seemed for a time to have been poured. The matrix of Materialism—or, to coin

a word closer to Conrad's idiom, Spectacularism—has left its indelible mark upon them. The breath of aspiration is not in them, and yet they are never at peace. They wander about the world with dull eyes and downcast heads, like people who have been so long lost in a maze as to have forgotten that the game is to get out.

Just so did people walk in the epoch that ended so lately. They had forgotten that life is worth living only to those who aspire. They had forgotten that where there is no will there is no way.

And that is why Conrad could become the supreme epitomist of his time, because he, in the same sense, was bereft of will. He boasted of a 'properly steeled heart'. He questioned nothing. He swam with the tide. He bowed to 'the will of the gods', even though he doubted that they had a will.

And it is because he allowed this will-lessness to

tinge his work, instead of employing it to keep his work free of every possible personal tinge, that he fell short of greatness. He will not move, he will not energize, he will not exalt the generations unborn. The struggles he depicts are not sublime, because he discredited everything subliminal, because he turned his back on the unknown.

For him the known, or at least the knowable, was all. There was no problem, no mystery, no other side, no thing-in-itself behind the apparent. He sat, will-less and unperturbed, as might a spectator in a theatre, watching a succession of painted scenes pass before his eyes. Let his own words be witness:

The ethical view of the universe involves us at last in so many cruel and absurd contradictions, where the last vestiges of faith, hope, charity, and even of reason itself, seem ready to perish, that I have come to suspect that the aim of creation cannot be ethical at all. I would fondly believe that its object is purely spectacular; a spectacle for awe, love, admiration, or hate, if you like, but in this view—and in this view alone—never for despair!

The irony of this great ironist was never more sharply barbed. He could not see that his books are black with despair, and shadowy with tragic, stumbling figures who troop through his pages without raising their heads—Heyst, Lord Jim, Captain Anthony, Willems, Almayer, Razumov, Wait, Decoud, Verloc, Captain Whalley, Amy Foster, Falk, Captain Hagberd, Jacobus and his wild daughter, Jasper Allen and Freya Nielsen, Lingard, Kurtz.

And he could not see that he had betrayed himself over and over again in hundreds of 'asides'.

'That rapid blinking stumble across a flick of sunshine—which our life is', says Marlow, in a parenthesis, in *Chance*.

In *Lord Jim* a ship is described, holding on her way, 'black and smouldering in a luminous immensity, as if scorched by a flame flicked at her from a heaven without pity'.

In *A Personal Record* he maintains that 'inspiration comes from the earth, which has a past, a history, a future, not from the cold and immutable heaven'.

In *The Nigger of the Narcissus* he says that 'the immortal sea stretched away, immense and hazy, like the image of life, with a glittering surface and lightless depths; promising, empty, inspiring—terrible'.

How illuminating, this last! This, for him, was the image of life—promising, empty, inspiring, terrible! How it reveals the terror and the despair so faultily hidden in his 'properly steeled heart'.

Tragic figures! Terrible thoughts! Pessimism, the spectral *Zeitgeist* of an age of gloom and introspection, stalks through his pages. Light, it is true, occasionally illumines his manuscript, but it is rarely more than a flicker, blinding and scarcely less terrible than the blackness—'the flick of a fecund and pitiless sunshine'

—'a flame flicked from a heaven without pity.'

And when, as in *Victory*, the sunshine loses this similitude to a flash of lightning, and the sun is permanently fixed in a serene heaven, it looks down, 'hot and dry, with a devouring glare like the eye of an enemy', and Heyst and Lena gaze at the lonely sea, 'its color effaced by sunshine, its horizon a heat mist, a mere unsubstantial shimmer in the pale and blinding infinity overhung by the darker blaze of the sky'. All that water and light appals Lena, and suggests to Heyst 'the vision of a world destroyed'!

Thus, in the human souls he enters and in the immense spaces he traverses, Conrad finds ever the same spectacle, terrible always, whether black or blinding; pitiless always, and eternally empty!

And it is not the tremendous contrast between the devouring light and the crushing darkness of the tropics that prompts in Conrad's mind these visions of an enemy behind phenomena. In the quiet lanes of an English countryside Flora de Barral, that 'little ghost of all the sorrow in the world', is envisaged by our author as 'washing about with slack limbs in the ugly surf of life'. In the soul of a common little Brighton governess he finds that 'pessimism of the passionate who at bottom feel themselves to be the outcasts of a morally restrained universe'.

Throughout his books he lays bare the shuddering heart of his age, and counts the secret tremors of millions who saw, as he did, nothing but a promising, empty spectacle, and who tried to mask, as he did, their despair.

A truly great poet, whose vision enables him to glimpse the august rhythm of things-in-themselves behind the seeming of the world, could never have portrayed so faithfully the dark and despairing consciousness of the epoch of Materialism which Conrad epitomized. And hence, by missing greatness so narrowly, Conrad is perhaps of more consequence to the future than a great poet might have been, had one appeared in his place. It seems almost necessary that he should have escaped greatness in order to show posterity that the age in which he lived, by the very character of its consciousness, was not capable of producing great men.

In Heyst the world has been given a perfect personification of that view of man as 'a weakened will—an enfeebled vitality—a degraded potential,' which was the best Henry Adams could say of humanity after a lifetime spent in contemplation of the riddle of man's place in nature. In his *Letter to American Teachers of History*, Adams summed up the findings of materialistic science in the verdict that man, far from representing the apex of evolution, constitutes rather nature's last expiring effort, a being whose capacity for variation has been degraded, and hence an



A WIND-SWEPT SHORE

BY FRED. H. VARLEY, A.R.C.A.

From a Portfolio of Drawings by members of the
Group of Seven, published by Rous & Mann, Toronto

organism in which the intense energy of the Will-to-Live is shown slowing up, frustrating itself, and sinking already toward the eventual extinction of the race.

Heyst personifies this materialist estimate of a half-mad, will-enfeebled, decaying race. Heyst is Hamlet looking back at himself at the 'end of the tether' of vacillation, disgust, and doubt.

And Heyst, the 'bitter contemner of life', the man who calls Action 'the barbed hook, baited with the illusion of progress, to bring out of the lightless void the shoals of unnumbered generations'; the man who 'meant to drift altogether and literally, body and soul, like a detached leaf'; the man who deemed the world 'not worth touching'; the man whose spirit 'had renounced all outside nourishment, and was sustaining itself proudly on its own contempt of the usual coarse aliments which life offers to the common appetites of men'; that man is the Man of the epoch just past, the materialistic man, the will-less man, the contemptuous observer of a Spectacular Universe, imperfectly steeled, secretly despairing, purposeless, hopeless, and determined only to 'look on and never make a sound'.

This Man and this Epoch have passed. There are new stirrings in the world, uncertain yet, and scarcely vocal. Conrad probably never noticed the faint piping of these new voices—Ouspensky, Havelock Ellis, A. Clutton Brock, Clive Bell, John Middleton Murry, D. H. Lawrence, a few poets, a few painters, a few musicians. They are not articulate. Indeed, they have nothing to say, except that their knowledge is an irrational, immediate knowledge of a state above necessity and cause, which, although achieved only in moments of ecstasy, 'remains as an earnest of the comprehension that may be, as a premonition of the harmony that is'.

Many of those who have experienced these moments were like Heyst, before these moments came, without will or way. They were convinced of the imperfectibility of the universe. They had forgotten to aspire. But they know now that the Spectacular View of the universe leads, not away from, but toward despair.

And they have turned their faces from that engulfing 'heart of darkness' into which Conrad's characters and Conrad himself have gone down, as into a pit, with the millions of the epoch he epitomized dejectedly bearing them company.

ASHLEY & CRIPPEN
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POEMS BY EDWARD SAPIR

CHRIST DESTROYER

CHRIST Destroyer bared the man,
He cleaned the wisdom from his heart;
He was the rival of God Pan,
Let fires in the spirit dart

That made it scar and made it writhe
Until the spirit's eye could see,
As under grass comes peering scythe
On serpents coiled in secrecy.

The wounded spirit grew within,
It glimmered through the smoking flesh,
It flamed, it lit up every sin
With a love radiant and fresh.

Christ Destroyer left the man,
Whose soul was burning open-eyed
And burning up the tricks of Pan.
And this one, too, was crucified.

TWO SOULS

HAVE you not come to me, another soul,
Too well bedight? Books on your lips I read,
And from your fingers hear the charming creed
The conscientious music-master stole
From music-masters, eyes and curls unroll
What are but long-set pearls in an agreed
Heirloom. Vainly I hunger for a weed
Amongst the careful flowers of your silver bowl.

How shall I have you for my food
Who are immersed in savourous delight
In your own bitter, sweeter far, despite?
I cannot burn, but, smouldering, I brood
Whether to take you for my kindling wood
Or bow to you, eternally polite.

YOUTH

YOUTH, ah youth is the painter time! And where
Is youth? Where now that blue-ground sky with
a sun
And a moon to paint us splendours, clarion
Or muted-soft or thousand-rippled on air
Mad-dancing with dancing heart? And the streaming
hair,
All stars, we let fly out, day-picture done,
For a glow-silk ground? Love was one, O the one,
Sweet sweetest theme! Can you think one splendour to
dare
We did not dare with impudent brush? Now,
Our daubs long dry and brushes hard, we allow
Slow climb and sad descent and patient twinkle
Of the cold onlookers, welcome the cooling sprinkle
Of all-wise rain, and suffer the stilling snow.
Ah youth is the painter time, youth cannot know!

THESE PEASANTS

I RECENTLY came upon an admirable essay on 'The Modern Consciousness in English Literature' embalmed in the records of the English Association, and it encouraged me to hope that before long someone will analyse as adequately the modern consciousness in our novels as evidenced by the great literary cults. Not the esoteric and short-lived cults of a centre and a day, but those which have overspread the western world and had the staying power to survive for years. Within my own recollection there have been three of them: two, I am pleased to observe, are now on the wane, but the latest I am afraid is still on the wax. We have had the clever-clever cult, chatty fellows not altogether free from malice, whose sins of omission were almost compensated by their ability to amuse. They palled on one in the end, it is true, but I have thought of them kindly since the appearance of their successors of the psychopathological school, who exhibit in melancholy succession all the dark horrors that lurk behind the curtain of life, and portray with grim monotony types that are chronically sick in the mind or soul. For a while I hoped that one of them would depict the fears and uncertainties of a type that was chronically sick at his stomach, but so far as I am aware none of them has had that originality.

Now the annoying feature of these prolific cults to me is that they jaundice my appetite for the finer products of their fields which I once enjoyed in proper moderation. I have read Miss Sinclair's novels with pleasure on occasion, and a time was when I even enjoyed a book by Mr. Walpole; but I left the latter years ago in the room of *The Green Mirror*, and when young Arnold Waterlow is thrust upon me I recoil with an involuntary shudder. Weary of these 'wizards that peep and that mutter', I turned with relief to the fresh simplicity of *Maria Chapdelaine* before I realized that she heralded the renaissance of another cult, and one which was destined to predominate—the cult of the peasant. I am glad I read that charming thing when it was new, for I do not think that I could read it now. The peasant may still be suffering from neglect in the social and political fields, but in that of literature he has come into his own. His popularity is such that the demand exceeds the generous supply, and our publishers are busily translating the works of every fortunate Scandinavian and Pole whose *métier* is the interpretation of his rudimentary soul. To win the consideration of the critics to-day, a novel need only be devoted to the portrayal of his simple virtues; and if an author succeeds in revealing his psychology with sympathy and understanding, he is hailed by all reviewers as a genius. By all but me.

I cannot but suspect that this vogue of the peasant is partly due to the fact that the majority of his admirers have never known him at first hand. I have. And I have found him a disappointing fellow on his own dunghill. Unlike the cock, he does not crow: he is inarticulate, and nine times out of ten it is not because his thoughts are too exquisite to express, but because he hasn't any. From the aesthetic point of view he bears too close a resemblance to his own peculiar *piéd à terre* to be pleasing, he exudes a strong and disagreeable odour and is littered with dirty bits of straw. That is not because he is more racy of the soil, but because he is less fastidious than we are. When he is gay, his gaiety is childlike—not because he is unspoiled, but because he is undeveloped. When he is enraged, he knocks down his wife or kicks his horse—not because his passion is elemental and awesome, but because it is the rage of a child. When he squints at a clear sky and mutters, 'Rain comes', it is not because he has a wisdom beyond ours, but merely because he is rheumatic. He is not a superman, he is a subman. And sexually he is about as complex as a goat. His popularity with our critics is as singular as a craze for cabbage among our epicures.

It is asserted by some that this latest cult is the direct result of a reaction from the artificiality of the Victorian era, and critics are at one in agreeing that this free literature of the soil is immeasurably superior to the literary product of that absurd period of stucco and pretence. I demur. It appears to me that critics and authors who are still feeling in this year of grace the reaction of Victoria's reign must be, to say the least, as vegetative in their reactions as the peasant of their admiration; and although insensibility may be an excellent quality in a ploughboy, I question its virtue in a critic. And I question the superiority of these peasant novelists over the Victorians. I am not arguing from knowledge, for I admit that I have not read most of the great peasant epics in prose (there are too many of them); but I hold that I have reason in my attitude when I demand that their authors shall do something more to vindicate their claim to genius than depict with understanding the simplest and most primitive of human types. The derided Victorians did more than that. Mr. Chesterton has been betrayed by his bourgeois prejudices into asserting that it was the greatest glory of Dickens that he could not describe a gentleman; but a limitation in an artist is never praiseworthy, and Arnold Bennett was closer to truth when he ascribed the fading renown of both Thackeray and Dickens to the growing conviction that they were lacking in the quality of being noble. Yet they could at least depict with truth a wide variety of their fellow-men; and Disraeli, the most hardened Victorian of all, could portray with complete understanding the most

complex and impenetrable of human types. Even Chesterton admits the genius of the man who wrote *Sybil* and *Lothair*; but our Peasantarians would dismiss him with a complacent, 'He dates'.

Thomas Hardy is another of those little Victorians; and while his philosophy of life is repellent to me, he is perhaps the best to pick as the standard by which the calibre of these geniuses of our own generation is to be judged. No one disputes the ability of Mr. Hardy to portray the reactions of the peasant to life, yet in the words of Mr. Guedalla (whom I enjoy quoting because I so rarely agree with him) he has also 'caught the stamp and thunder of ten years of history in the great roll of a tragedy'. When one of our portrayals of a peasant's summer does something like that I will be prepared, not only to accept him, but to read him. In the meantime I maintain my right to suspend judgment without imperilling my reputation. I do not deny the possibility of greatness in a novelist of the peasant cult; I have the assurance of an authority I respect that M. Reymont has genius, and although his world of *The Peasants* will remain a closed book to me, I hope a day may come when I will read other works by him with enjoyment. But I challenge this assumption that the touchstone of genius is the ability to portray the reactions of a human cabbage to the beauties and complexities and dangers of this queer adventure we call life.

R. DE B.

WHEN THE DREAM IS ENDED

BY GOODRIDGE MACDONALD

WHEN the dream is ended and the dreamer wakes,
All about his window the cold sunlight breaks.—
He beholds the dresser and the broken chair;
In his eyes the colour of her gleaming hair
Lingers still and changes; half he thinks he sees
Her pale hands and her white face among the moving
trees.

Feet upon the bare boards move. They are all astir
In the hall and kitchen.—Memories of her
Voice and song and laughter drift and will not stay,
Though his heart would hold them through the windy
day.

So he washes, dresses, eats and drinks and goes
Seeking down the empty day—dream-haunted to its
close.



A HISTORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

A HISTORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF PARIS, Vol. vi., edited by H. W. V. Temperley (Oxford; pp. xxxi., 709; \$10.00).

IT is likely to be many years before another book is produced to compare either in scope or in general authority with the great survey of the post-war settlement that is completed by this volume. The concluding editorial foreword, which refers to the History as 'a description of the work of the Peace Conference by writers who knew their subjects at first hand and had not infrequently influenced the events they describe', is almost misleading in its modesty. For this collaboration has produced, not the familiar jumble of personal recollections, the rehash of contemporary journalism, incomplete and often prejudiced, which, for the last few years, has been noisily asserting its transient claim to the title of history, but a work that is so exhaustive and yet so well-balanced, so thoroughly informed, and yet, on the whole, so detached, that its right to a permanent place among the great modern books of historical reference is at once obvious and indisputable.

Yet while the student will turn to these volumes for most of his references and for many of his documents, the general reader will find in them not merely a compilation of official records, but a complete and critical narrative that traces events back to their origins and follows them to their conclusions. The chapter on Egypt in the present volume contains, for example, a summary of constitutional developments since the so-called rebellion of Arabi, which assists materially towards a clear understanding of the existing situation. And although this summary, like most of the others, is the work of British scholars, the British point of view does not unduly obtrude itself, at any rate not to the extent of trying to conceal any family skeletons. Indeed the earlier volumes drew from an American reviewer the description of 'candid and fair-minded to a degree which it is difficult to achieve'. No doubt, as Mr. Temperley says, thirty years hence men will know more than we do of the darker secrets of the Peace Conference, still it is hardly possible to believe that there remains a sufficient residue of revelations to impair seriously the usefulness of a work that has been so carefully executed.

The present volume opens with the settlement in the Near and Middle East, dealing fully with the

secret agreements affecting the problem of Arab nationality, and with the Turkish settlement. The reconstruction of Poland and the creation of the Baltic States is then described with less display of animus against the Soviet Government than has been usual even in works of serious historical intention. A chapter by Professor Keith on the changes produced by the war and the peace in the status of the British dominions makes good a deficiency that was noted by reviewers of earlier volumes. Two chapters entitled 'The Attitude of the United States Senate towards the Versailles Treaty' and 'Shantung at the Peace Conference' provide a means of incorporating recently published material such as was divulged in Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement*. A final chapter on the practical working of the League of Nations, and an Epilogue containing 'Some General Considerations on the Peace Conference and its Aftermath', complete a volume that, in itself, would be of extraordinary interest and value.

E. H. BLAKE.

GANDHI

MAHATMA GANDHI, by Romain Rolland, translated by Catherine D. Groth (Century; pp. 250; \$1.75).

AS one reads this book one fact stands clear from the brief recital of ideas and events. It is this. Without heroic figures striding through our kaleidoscopic bewildering days, leaving the imprint of an eternal attitude on our time, we are without hope; lacking individuals aflame with the fineness and lofty possibilities slumbering in us, we wander, lost in ignorance of our true direction and unaware of our real stature.

Gandhi seems the light of India, the soul of his people incarnate, living and labouring solely for their enlightenment. His story and his sayings should give pause to every individual in Christian lands. For in him we have indeed the true Christian, the great soul, the embodiment of Christ in our poor, proud midst, conquering by suffering, undefeatable because of a sublime gentleness, a royal faith, an all-consuming burning love of truth and men. We are told that he studied the sayings of Jesus as well as the ancient wisdom of his own race, and learnt much from the writings of many of the recent great men of the West. The Sermon on the Mount reinforced for him much of the teaching in his own scriptures, and in the wide reading of the works of nearly all the men of real vision the world has known he found corroboration of his own faith.

In his campaign to give back to India her soul, he became a political leader by necessity, plunging into all her problems, but ever endeavouring to work with, rather than against, the English Government. He

was, however, naturally a spiritual leader by the magical compelling force of a great love. Always he teaches non-violence, no-vengeance, non-resistance together with a willingness to suffer all things, as the one unconquerable attitude, and he has guided his people into such ways by pacific practical means as well as by spiritual instruction.

And here we have as contrast the so sad spectacle of an alien English people ruling India for their own ends, breaking pledges, fostering enmities, resorting to violence, to wholesale incarcerations, to the massacre of utterly defenceless people, for no other discoverable reason than a vague fear of losing something. And India tells them by words, and by lives lived in its exemplification, that nothing beautiful, nothing great or worthy of man, can possibly be won by violence, that life itself only becomes glorious as it is given to non-possessive, peaceful ends. Our Western way of national aggrandizement, the present-day heritage of a perverse Europe, turning religion into an endorsement of conquest and cruelty and hate, is indeed far removed from the ideals of Gandhi. His religious teachings and life inspire only patience, an active goodwill, and the beautiful courage of saintliness.

The contrast with western ways and thought is very marked all through the book, and should prove enlightening, even if we consider that the genius of the West requires a passage through materialism and industrialism for its unfolding. LAWREN HARRIS.

RAILWAYS AND ROMANCE

CANADA'S GREAT HIGHWAY, FROM THE FIRST STAKE TO THE LAST SPIKE, by J. H. E. Secretan (Longmans, Green; pp. 252; \$2.50).

THE ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, by R. G. Macbeth (Ryerson; pp. 263; \$2.50).

BOTH these books deal principally with the period of the surveying and construction of the main line of the C.P.R., but here the similarity ends. Mr. Secretan's is the narrative of an engineer who was engaged largely on the surveys of the difficult sections in British Columbia in the period from 1871 to 1881 when the road was under government control, and later on the prairie sections under company control. It is the story of a man of action—romantic in the best sense—told in the straightforward words of a man of action. It throws a good deal of light on a neglected period of the road's development. Although marred to some extent by the inclusion of extraneous material, the whole is highly readable. In view of the increasing attention which is being paid to the work of the engineer in modern life this work is a distinct contribution.

Mr. Macbeth's book on the other hand is an excel-

lent example of a very common tendency in our historical writing. Adjectives are at a premium, and Mr. Macbeth finds them particularly cheap. When he speaks harshly on the first page of persons displaying 'the calamitous absence of a thinking mind', and on the second page of those 'sodden with crass materialism', Mr. Macbeth is ungratefully berating his most promising body of readers. So tremendous an achievement as the building of the C.P.R. has no need to the 'thinking mind' of the rhapsodies of his lyric pen. Crassly material indeed must be the imaginations he seeks to stir with his school-girl ecstasies. 'Graceful iron horses with steaming breath', 'wheeled palaces', 'heroes of the transit and chain', 'knights of the saddle', and similar banal phrases adorn his pages. A few of the chapter headings are typical—'Giants in Action', 'The Chariot Wheels Drag', 'Battling for Life', 'The Guiding Hands', 'Wonders of the Deep'—and are obviously more suitable to a wild-west thriller than to a serious account of a great undertaking.

In an effort to appeal to the 'popular' reader, a number of stale poetic quotations are included which are certain to be skipped, and jaunty generalizations are made which few 'popular' readers are likely to swallow unless they suffer the 'calamitous absence' previously mentioned. Much space is given to praise of the men who made the C.P.R., both with 'brain and brawn', but Mr. Macbeth never sees fit to offer them that best praise which they most deserved. He never thinks of them as plain men who did their day's work well. They are 'knights', 'heroes', 'soldiers', 'geniuses' of more than mortal mould. Even the water-boy at Craigellachie is a sort of superwater-boy. As a Scotchman, the son of a Selkirk settler, Mr. Macbeth might have been expected to deal better measure to the railroad pioneers. The fulsome and hysterical laudations with which he besmears their memory would have been highly repugnant to the men themselves.

TRIAL BY JURY

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, by Francis L. Wellman (Macmillan; pp. xv, 298; \$4.50).

THIS book deserves a place on the shelves of all who can afford to buy it. Any one of us may be called upon some day to sit in a jury box and share the responsibility of dealing out freedom or imprisonment to one of our fellows; yet most of us do not even know what the inside of a court looks like, and have little knowledge of the ways of the legal fraternity, their modes of thought and methods of prosecution and defense. Mr. Wellman is a veteran lawyer with the experience of a thousand cases behind him, and, although his touch is not always as deft as it might be, he has managed to pack a deal of useful

knowledge and shrewd admonition into a book that makes interesting reading because of the vast fund of interesting yarns he draws upon to add point to his advice. Characters and incidents are drawn as freely from the British as the American courts, and the author's profound admiration for the commonsense and despatch which distinguish the administration of British justice leads to disparaging comparisons between it and the judicial system of his own country—a balance which he diplomatically redresses by dwelling heavily on the harshness of British law. He has some sound proposals for ensuring more capable juries which should provoke thought among members of his own profession, and which might be applied with advantage in Canada as well as the States. Lack of space precludes any lengthy quotation; but we cannot resist this noble passage from the address of a judge passing sentence on a dishonest butler convicted of theft from his master's cellar: 'Like the serpent of old you have stung the hand of your protector. . . dead to every claim of natural affection, and blind to your own real interests, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles'.

CONFESSIONS

THE WIND AND THE RAIN, by Thomas Burke (Thornton Butterworth; pp. 288; \$2.00).

A GOOD many of us, one imagines, have known on rare occasions timeless moments in which we comprehend eternity and experience 'the happiness of God'. Mr. Burke is one of us, and his first moment came when, at the age of ten, he accepted the piece of ginger proffered on a skewer by Quong Lee in a dim little shop down Limehouse Causeway. Eight years later, on a night when he was experiencing the baffled misery that comes from some vague idea inside one struggling vainly for expression, he realized suddenly in a London street that what he wanted to do was to describe that moment; and hurrying back to his room in Bermondsey he began to write. He is still writing, and in his attempts to describe that incommunicable experience he has accomplished some other things, as he puts it, 'by accident'. In this book of confessions, which are distinguished by the rare quality of frankness, he records his devious progress through the streets of life, and lingers again on those corners that appear in retrospect as turning points in an uncommon career. The Causeway, The Barge Aground, Hardcress Orphanage, the doss-house in Brick Lane, the Borough High Street—one sees them all as clearly as the odd medley of companions he falls in with on his way, from his Uncle Frank, cherishing in a Poplar tenement the signboard of the House he had kept in

his palmy days, to Cicely of Kensington who was, in his case, the woman who would neither give nor give up. But always he returned to Quong Lee of the Causeway for the serenity that only the old Chinaman's inarticulate companionship could give him. Until the day came when Quong Lee was deported for selling opium, leaving with his friend his old black silk cap tasselled with devil-chasers, and an enduring sense of the harmony of life. Mr. Burke has not yet succeeded in capturing that moment when he reached out for the ginger; he confesses that he does not believe he ever will: but one is glad he is the sort that keeps on trying.

A DRAUGHT OF BURGUNDY

OLD MEN OF THE SEA, by Compton Mackenzie (Stokes; pp. 308; \$2.00).

TO step from the *Heavenly Ladder*, the last of Compton Mackenzie's trilogy on the Anglo-Catholic movement in England, into *Old Men of the Sea* is to leave the misty heights of religious speculation for the sharp, clean wind of adventure.

Marsham, exquisite London club-man and connoisseur of wines, inspired by three bottles of good Burgundy and the fantasies of a romantic botanist, voyages to the South Seas. For

Burgundy is essentially a wine for men of action. Its fumes really do have to be worked off, and it is just this difficulty of finding any suitably heroic expression of its virtues which latterly has brought it into disfavour. If Biscoe and I had drunk Champagne that night, I doubt if I should now be giving you this tale. Champagne is really not a masculine wine. It gives a woman amorous resolutions and encourages adolescents to invent new dance-steps. It stimulates after-dinner speakers to imagine that they have wit and persuades their listeners to an imbecile charity. It is as superficial beside Burgundy as a topaz beside a ruby. I would not utter the lightest blasphemy against Claret; but I fancy that from three bottles of Claret not much would have resulted. . . . Claret has the quality of the Mediterranean. We sail through an extremely beautiful present into a perfectly vivid past. We meditate. We dress up. We dream. Burgundy is oceanic. If we cruise on Burgundy, our dreams will probably have a practical result like those of Columbus.

And they did. For Marsham sets sail in a sturdy craft manned by rogues and villains, and passengered by a motley group who might have been removed *en masse* from any continental *pension*. To them, the expedition is the fulfilment of long-cherished aspirations. The little advertisement, 'South Seas Settlement. Ladies and Gentlemen with a modest amount of capital and anxious to gratify their romantic inclinations are invited to write Box H. 5630', is redolent of coral isles and scarlet blossoms, of white sands and burning skies. They turn desperate backs on suggestions of possible fraud and peril and go.

And adventure, as if touched by this last gallant effort to weave a rich and brodered design into the calico background of their lives, unrolls a gorgeous

canvas. Cyclones and savages, earthquakes and volcanoes, buried treasure and desert islands, wrecked mariners and haunted caves are their reward.

If plot alone were the criterion, this book might be deemed commonplace. But the story as told by Compton Mackenzie, in his most whimsical and debonair manner, with phrases delicately turned and refreshing diction, is a tale of rare delights. Almost we are persuaded that we too 'would forgo the most beautiful and the most famous cities of Europe; . . . leave still unvisited the isles of Greece and dream no more of walking at twilight in the perfume orchards of Damascus . . . let Baghdad remain a legend and Babylon an unregarded ruin,—might we behold these islands of the Far South'.

UNITY

UNITY, by J. D. Beresford (Collins; pp. 260; \$2.00).

THIS book belittles its theme, which is that 'Egoisme vraiment prodigieux, qui donne à quelques-uns la rapide intuition de l'Unité de la vie consciente'. Conrad has handled it adequately and with delicate and subtle craftsmanship in *The Rescue*. But what is there a drama of spirit signalling to spirit across a void of sea and sky becomes with Beresford a banal tale of affinities and soul-mates. He is psychic rather than mystic in his portrayal of the girl Unity who is 'too many people but not all at the same time'. Neither her personality nor her adventures fulfil the expectations aroused by those Meredithian-Molièresque words: 'egoisme vraiment prodigieux'. What bathos to discover that that sounding phrase has dwindled to a *motif* of a stare in a railway carriage—a stare by which Unity is 'thrilled to the very depths of her being . . . that had in it something of reproach and that came from two deep searching grey eyes set in a keen earnest face'. Eight years pass. Unity is married, widowed, and famed as an actress, but nowhere has she found 'satisfaction and peace and that which unconsciously she had always sought—unity. It is only when she kneels at the altar by the side of the Marquis of Kettering that she is again 'compelled to look up and turn round before she answered—to turn and meet the keen and earnest gaze of two grey eyes', the eyes of Adrian Gore, best friend and best-man of the Marquis. (We would draw the attention of Paramount Pictures to this moment.)

There is the inevitable tragic climax—a climax in which the influence of the provocative *Green Hat* may be traced. Presumably Unity finds unity, sacrifice having been made to the gods. That it is a superfluous sacrifice, a beautiful and useless gesture, is merely the ironical tribute which art occasionally pays to life.

ELIXIR OF YOUTH

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne (Dutton; pp. 100; \$2.00).

HERE is a lovely book of rhymes both for those who are young and for those who were. And if there are any who have never been young, now is their chance to taste of the spring. Mr. Milne's verses are well-known to many from the classic pages of *Punch*. Such initiates will require no introduction. Of the others we merely ask whether they are acquainted with the sad fate of James James Morrison Morrison Weatherby George Dupree's mother? For if not they can read it here. And again we ask whether they have ever sat on the middle stair halfway up and halfway down, with a due sense of their unique position? Mr. Milne's poem will inevitably drive them from their upholstered arm-chair to essay that perilous and draughty enterprise.

Many problems are left unsolved. But that is the fun of it. For instance, Mr. Milne himself does not know

'WHAT is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's perfectly well and she hasn't a pain,
And it's lovely rice pudding for dinner again.—
What IS the matter with Mary Jane?'

But enough of secrets. The chief secret is that of eternal childhood. Mr. De la Mare has it, and now Mr. Milne. His book is a book for everybody. Those who don't want it need it most and it should be forced upon them.

AN INTRODUCTION TO HUDSON

A HUDSON ANTHOLOGY, arranged by Edward Garnett (Dent; pp. xiv, 380; \$2.50).

W. H. HUDSON is among those very few writers who maintain an equality of style and at the same time lend themselves to quotation. Passages, short and long, can be taken from almost any of his books without their suffering by separation from the context; the beauty and simplicity of their expression and the clarity of their content make them to some extent independent of the literary power and atmosphere which can only be felt by reading a book as a whole.

Mr. Garnett has outstanding qualifications for his task. He has always been on the watch, not for the short-comings of contemporary writers, but to spy the appearance of some new and significant arrival among them. He was perhaps the first to estimate Hudson's genius. In this volume he has succeeded in his object—to make an anthology which will drive the reader who has not yet discovered his author to seek at once the fountain-head. The real lovers of Hudson will not be content with a book of clippings, but they are still few in number. Nature-lovers, and lovers of beautiful English whatever its subject-matter, are Hudson's real public, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Garnett's selection will reach many of them.

In an anthology one always misses old friends. There are several passages in *Far Away and Long Ago*—for instance, that on the unknown flower which Hudson found as a small child, and his description of the migration of the solitary plover—which it seems hardly possible to pass by as illustrations of his passionate love of Nature. And 'Roman Calleva', with its keen sense of racial continuity, also appears a strange omission. But there are many passages that everyone must rejoice at finding again; the book is worth having if only for 'The Plains of Patagonia', 'Wind, Wave and Spirit', 'Whitesheet Hill', and the essay on Migration.

SAINTSBURY AGAIN

A LAST SCRAP BOOK, by George Saintsbury (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiii, 344; \$2.25).

THOSE who have read the two previous Scrap Books will have some idea of what is to be expected of the Last. *Ab uno disce omnes*, if our author will allow us so to misapply a famous quotation. The Labour Party is still a pack of self-seeking, bolshevistic scoundrels who want to secure for their constituents 'a progressive diminution of work and a progressive increase of profit, at the expense, if not, indeed, by the destruction, of other classes'. But if Mr. Saintsbury is still as uncompromisingly Tory as ever, and remains blind to the possibility of any decent or honourable principles existing in the despised adherents of Labour, his judgments on other matters

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THE Guardians of this child wish to draw the attention of his friends to his condition. We have been perennially worried by it during the four years he has been in the world, for although he has been the happy possessor of a remarkably good appetite, we have found it impossible to make him expand into that pleasing rotundity that is natural to his age. Disturbed by this seemingly abnormal condition we have called in a specialist to diagnose his case. He has allayed our anxiety, but has only increased our problem.

'Nothing organically wrong', he has assured us. 'But he's growing a bit beyond his strength. His circulation is sluggish. Tone it up. Feed him on the best, and see that he gets plenty of green food. That's all he needs.'

The specialist had not meant to be sardonic; but to us his words had a fine flavour of irony. Our protégé's appetite is both gargantuan and fastidious, and for the past five years we have had to empty our pockets in our vain endeavours to keep his stomach full. With some diffidence we explained our predicament: 'Then get his other friends to help', said the specialist. 'Take up a subscription for him. That's the usual thing.'

We had already thought of that obvious expedient; with the result that all the child's friends we know subscribe to his maintenance now. But it occurs to us that they in turn may have friends that would be interested enough to subscribe if his merits were brought to their attention. We will see that the child survives; but we want more for him than mere existence. We want him to have any article he wants. We want to see him develop and expand. We know there are a good many of you who have been interested enough in him to want to see him regularly for the past two or three years. Will you help to tone up his circulation by taking up a subscription for him? You can do it by filling in the form below.

Dear Forum:

I want to see you expand. Here is a little green food for you: it has been subscribed by my friend whose name is written above, and who would like to see you every month.

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are as fresh and stimulating as ever. Wide as is his knowledge of literature—and the world can scarcely have seen a more omnivorous reader or one endowed with so wonderful a memory—he is equally at home in the kitchen and the cellar. And those who have learnt from the earlier volumes the truth about the preparation of sandwiches and the procuring of sausages will here find a comprehensive guide to the proper selection and preparation of fish. The 'scraps' on the subject of Byron and Lucretius are particularly appetising, though all attempts to convert the author to reconsider his views on Virgil have met with failure. The chapter on the spelling and pronunciation of names—feminine names all—is not the least in interest, and we wonder what the scholar would say regarding the dissyllabic pronunciation of the name Irene on this continent. Mr. Saintsbury has lived a long and varied life, and long may he still be spared to us. He has had many curious experiences in teaching and in journalism; but one achievement of his we may be sure has never been duplicated, nor ever will be. He actually confesses to having, in his early youth, shot a grasshopper with a cannon!

ECONOMICS

THE UNCLAIMED WEALTH, by H. Abbati (Allen and Unwin; pp. 190; 6/-).

ANOTHER effort—and a very interesting one—to solve the problem of business cycles and unemployment. The author, who is a disciple of Mr. J. A. Hobson, traces the failure of effective demand, which is so obvious in times of depression, but which has become almost chronic in most countries, to a maldistribution of income, which deprives the workers of a large portion of the spending powers which they would like to exercise, and which are their rightful share of the social heritage of skill and knowledge of the arts of production. A large part of the book is devoted to demonstration of the evils of over-saving.

Keeping money in the banks instead of spending it not only saves nothing, but it wastes things that are actually produced and ready for use and prevents the further production of similar things. . . . Those who think that they save anything by merely abstaining from spending, save nothing: but they do gain an option on the labour and lives of all others who are unable to do likewise: and humanity feels that this is what really happens. . . . As modern wealth is hoarded, it disappears. . . . When the 'Haves' refuse to buy, and the 'Have-nots' cannot buy, all trade stops, regardless of political boundaries. . . . The defect is that the workers produce more than they are allowed to consume.

The author examines most of the currently proposed remedies for unemployment, and suggests an ingenious solution which involves the stabilization of effective demand through variations in governmental expenditure. Many will disagree with the diagnosis, and still

more will doubt the adequacy of the remedy proposed; but we believe that any reader who has the perseverance to work his way through the somewhat technical argument will be recompensed by obtaining, at the least, a better understanding of the modern credit system and its influence upon the creation and distribution of wealth.



DUCDAME, by John Cowper Powys (Doubleday Page; pp. 458; \$2.00).

THE title comes from *As You Like It*. 'Tis a Greek invocation', said Jaques, 'to call fools into a circle.' Mr. Powys draws his circle in a feculent corner of Dorset with the stricken house of Ashover for its centre, and his invocative cry is answered by fools of an incredible extravagance. Rook Ashover, the morose protagonist of the book, whose flabby nature is streaked with a 'cold saurian viciousness', we might accept. Even his prematurely decrepit brother, with his resemblance to Claudius Caesar and his taste for midnight chats in churchyards, is not impossible. But as the tale unfolds, and we find their mother a monomaniac, their bastard uncle another, their illegitimate cousin an idiot, and their unauthorized half-brothers mis-shapen monsters, our distended credulity bursts under the strain and we are no longer interested in the pregnant question whether the house of Ashover is to be perpetuated or is to perish because of Rook's antipathy to marriage. Even when, following the attempted murder of his paramour by his irregular uncle, his cousin Ann seduces him successfully in the madman's sick-room, we are not thrilled as we would like to be by the concerted howl of triumph that bursts from the community of dead Ashovers in the church vaults. And when at long last a small legitimate Ashover is safely delivered on the night the vicar assassinates its unhappy father with a rake, we merely sigh with relief to find the end in sight. The way of the reviewer is sometimes hard.

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LONG before the death of William Archer, the bright young men who write about the theatre in England and America had contracted the habit of referring to him in a patronizing manner as 'Poor old Archer'. Their attitude was intended to convey the impression that he was an amiable but out-of-date old gentleman. But the bright young men will flame and flicker and die to ashes, and William Archer will be remembered as a critic who did more than the usual amount of sound constructive work in connection with the English drama.

In William Archer is found an excellent example of the critical as distinct from the creative mind. He possessed in a marked degree the power of understanding and interpreting the ideas and craftsmanship of others. He was one of the first Englishmen to appreciate Ibsen, and he fought the battle of Ibsen on the English-speaking stage in the days when the struggle was a discouraging one. It was clear-cut achievement like that of Henrik Ibsen that appealed to Archer as worthy of a champion. He saw the possibilities of Ibsen's method, with its directness, its economy of means, and its freedom from cluttering artifice, combined, of course, with its recognition of ideas as an asset in the theatre.

But Archer was not merely a seeker after new gods. He did not espouse the cause of every dramatic movement merely because it happened to be new. With balanced restraint and keen critical judgment, he waited to see if the young experimenters were showing any signs of justifying themselves. That was the reason why the bright young men began indulging in sniffs to express their superiority, apparently forgetting his intrepid fight for Ibsen and all that it had meant to the English theatre. When a writer broke an old rule or announced the invention of a new one, Archer examined the experiment to determine whether it had a wide application or was merely a clever stunt; and stunts, even brilliant ones, did not strike him as particularly significant.

About three years before the war he published his book on play-making. In it he dealt only with the considerations that affected the well-made play. Other points were ignored as though they did not matter. Archer found himself charged with being old-fashioned. The bright young men were intensely annoyed. That his attitude was deliberate is indicated by the preface of his second edition, in which he said,

One or two writers have taken me sternly to task for dealing entirely with effete old forms of drama,

which are about to be swept into the rubbish heap by the adepts of a wonderful New Drama, soon to ennoble and transfigure the stage. I am always, I hope, on the side of the Future, and would willingly remedy this defect, but my difficulty is that, so far as I can ascertain, the new masterpieces are as yet unwritten. I do not see how I am to analyze their technique until they emerge from the brains in which they are doubtless maturing and take some material shape.

Archer's boast that he was on the side of the Future was not an idle one. By his critical influence he made Ibsen known in England, and by his personal influence he induced George Bernard Shaw to try his hand at the writing of plays, and these are the two biggest things that have happened in the English theatre in half a century. Shaw has told us that William Archer was accused by the Queen's Reader of Plays before a Royal Commission of having created a spurious reputation for Ibsen by a system of puffery initiated with the corrupt object of profiting by Archer's own translations of the plays. The brickbats of the reactionaries were more brutal than those of the bright young men.

The story of how he encouraged Bernard Shaw to write his first play used to be amusingly told by Archer. He rather fancied his own ability to lay out the framework of a drama, and he suggested that Shaw might fill in the sprightly dialogue and put the flesh on the bones of the characterizations. So the scenario of a well-made play was prepared for Shaw by Archer. He waited long and patiently for news of the progress being made in this strange collaboration. Then one day Shaw came to him with the information that he had completed two acts and used up all the plot. He requested enough additional scenario to make a third act. Apparently the master of stage technique threw up his hands, but in some of the early editions of *Widowers' Houses*, Archer is credited with being part author of the play. As a matter of fact, Shaw did not finish that rather dreary drama until he was asked, several years later, to provide a play for the Independent Theatre. I have always thought that the effect of Archer's friendship may be seen in the earlier works of Shaw, who has in more recent years formed the habit of making up his rules of craftsmanship as he goes along. There is not a better example of a well-made play in our literature than *Candida*.

That William Archer's gifts were critical and not creative was demonstrated when he turned his hand, late in life, to the writing of plays. He proved himself a master of mechanics, nothing more. *The Green Goddess* enjoyed international popularity (he wrote a couple more than were never staged), but it only did so as an old-fashioned melodrama, put together with unusual skill. The models of the various characters, the motives and the general trend of the complications

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had been seen thousands of times in Drury Lane and other melodramatic centres, but they were given a new vitality by Archer's treatment of his devices for creating excitement and sustaining suspense. Undoubtedly the play owed a great deal to the kid-gloved performance of George Arliss as the suave and diabolical villain. He gave it an air of distinction that disguised the fact that it was just an obvious theatrical type. Anyone who has seen a fifth-rate actor strutting and ranting his way through *The Green Goddess* will realize how much the finesse of George Arliss did for the success of Archer's drama.

FRED JACOB.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY

BY G. E. JACKSON

IT is not very long since the New Year brought with it a spirit of optimism, on both sides of the border. Private business opinion was inclined to be more cheerful than in many months past; and the press reflected this very fairly. Times had been hard in 1924: but some of the developments towards its close seemed clearly to presage a renewal of activity.

This general optimism was shared by THE CANADIAN FORUM. More inclined as a rule (according to some of its critics) to prophesy 'Woe! Woe!' with an insistence more suited to some better cause, on this occasion it went with the multitude of its contemporaries and joined in the chorus that they sang.

The spirit that was so general in January was ill-suited to the bitter winds of the month that followed. February marked a reversal of the current opinion, and ended—in the big cities especially—with another wave of depression.

Nothing that has occurred so far in March has tended to dispel this. Indeed, within the last few days, the groans of the dying bulls in Winnipeg have sounded a *Memento mori* to speculation everywhere. Ordinarily, the great tides in the stock and produce markets are rightly regarded by the man of business as presaging a corresponding increase of industrial activity. To-day there is more than a suspicion that, whatever industrial profits may have been reaped from American industries, the revival in Canada has been strangled at its first appearance.

What are the facts of the matter? The most sensitive index of current business conditions that the writer has been able to discover is the curve illustrating variations of employment in Canadian industry. Anyone can construct this from the data published by the Dominion Statistician; but before it can be made to yield its meaning it must be cor-

rected for seasonal variation—and that is a rather intricate undertaking. Such a curve, corrected and brought up-to-date from month to month, shews a sharp recession of business during the second half of 1924, which reached its low point about the beginning of November. From November 1st to January 1st (that is, during approximately two months), the curve moved upwards quite decisively. Had this upward movement continued during the following month, it would have given almost an assurance of coming trade revival: for never since the war had there been a movement in either direction for three months together that was not the precursor of further marked changes in the same direction. But the following month disclosed nothing of the future. It registered 'No change'.

Meanwhile, certain alterations in the details of the situation, on the whole of an unfavourable character, have appeared fairly clearly. There has been a severe slump in the building industries in New York City, which is some justification of the view widely held in the last two years, that during the recent building boom the New World metropolis was 'overbuilt'. That is bound to react on the prices of building materials generally, for the demands of New York bulk large in the markets for these products. Lumbering in Eastern Canada has already felt the consequences.

In most of the provinces of Canada, the building outlook at the moment is fairly cheerful; but in Ontario, from this point of view the most important of them all, a different tale is told, and there is little present prospect of activity.

The prices of meats, after a persistent, if far from spectacular, rise, have fallen again, and in the meat-packing industry there is the same disposition to question the future.

The number of unemployed workers registered at Toronto, whose employment office is by far the largest in the Dominion and has a wide constituency, shews an ominous increase of about 50 per cent. over the corresponding figures last year. In only one occupation—agriculture—can it truly be said that there is an unsatisfied demand for labour at the present time.

In the light of these considerations it is not altogether to be wondered at if, in many lines of business, the leaders are far from cheerful.

Nevertheless, I find it difficult to believe in the gloomy prospects which are inevitably painted in many quarters. Except for its psychological influence on the man in the street, we can probably disregard fairly safely the recent collapse in the speculative market. Past experience leads to the conclusion that in business generally the corresponding setback follows after a considerable inter-

val, and that there is probably no significance in this for anyone whose attention is fixed on a short period immediately before him. Meanwhile it is worth noting that in Canada, from the spring of 1924 onwards, the drift of business activity has followed the corresponding movement in the United States at an interval of approximately ten weeks. That there has been a very considerable revival across the border no reasonable man can doubt. American production of pig-iron, no longer a perfect barometer of business, but still a respectable guide, is at a level so high that it is beginning to be considered dangerous. So far this revival has only been paralleled on a very small scale in Canada; nor is there any reason in the nature of things why developments here *must* follow closely those of the United States. Nevertheless, in the past five years, the resemblances have been so marked, the general character of fluctuations in business activity has been so nearly the same, in spite of differences of degree within a given movement, that there is a reasonable ground for supposing that they are likely to continue.

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BY PHILIP WOOLFSON, A.M.

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¹ Michell. Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-09.

² Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

³ Michell. The following common stock quotations are included among others:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light & Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, Canada Steamships.

⁴ Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

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